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Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2164.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

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MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
The native land of mine.

No man there has ever been,
Her women's hearts never waver;
I'd freely die to save her—
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
Oh! she's a true and rare land;
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

How I Was Mesmerized.

I was once a devout believer in mesmerism—that was in my "salad days," when I was green in judgment—but my faith in the science has been terribly shaken by some incidents of a tender nature which happened to me personally.

I was twenty-five, and can candidly affirm heart-whole as regarded the fair sex. My employment was in the city, and I lived with my widowed mother in a little cottage, one of a pretty row in a quiet street in a London suburb. To get to the main road, I had every morning to pass along the row, which I did for several weeks without anything occurring worth mentioning, when one bright spring day I met my fate in the person of a very pretty girl watering flowers in the little garden-plot in front of No. 6.

I took in the ensemble of her appearance in one devouring glance. Of the middle height, lithe and well rounded in figure, draped in quiet mourning costume, with abundance of rich brown hair, and a pair of ankles, which her stooping position revealing them distinctly.

I was fairly bewitched by the beauty of her face and eyes. The former belonged to the highest type of blonde, and the latter was as blue as the bluest of skies; one in particular—the left—shone with extraordinary brilliancy. As I turned into the main road, I took a last look, and that eye was upon me.

My occupation in the city was in the sedentary, but all that day at business I felt the magic of the wonderful eye. It haunted me continually.

I was rapidly becoming neglectful of my duties, to the peril of my prospects, which were good, when I was saved by a formal introduction to the cause of my delirium.

We met, and it was literally in a crowd, for it was at a subscription ball given in the large room of a neighboring tavern, got up by some of the inhabitants of the row for the benefit of somebody—it may have been some old crossing sweeper, for aught I ever knew or cared, so dazed was I with the enchantress, with whom I danced nearly the whole of the evening. I noticed that many of the young men cast searching glances upon us. Some of them shrugged their shoulders, and I overheard such remarks as "It's a case," "Fine girl; but a great pity." "Wonder whether he'll find it out beforehand?" But I attributed all this to envy, and went to bed that night to be haunted by her bright eyes, one especially which shone in my dreams like a star of the first magnitude.

The ball led to an intimacy between our families, and it was not long before I became a suitor for the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Julia Stokes, only daughter of a widow who had a small but comfortable independence.

Our courtship, I presume, was much the same as that of other lovers. On my side I knew it was very ardent, and in a few months the day, the happy day, was named.

My mother saw no objection, but candidly hinted that the dazzling lustre of one of Julia's eyes caused her some perplexity.

My mother-in-law that was to be said, solemnly, to me:

"You take my daughter with all her imperfections, and my fervent prayer is that you will never regret the step. I ought to explain; indeed, it is my duty to do so. You must understand that in extreme youth my child met with—"

Julia, who was present, hastily interposed, and invited me into the back garden, whither I willingly accompanied her, for I had and have a horror of family explanations.

While wandering among the flowers, looking and talking the soft nonsense so dear to youthful lovers, Julia abruptly turned to me, and fixing her dear orbs, one especially, firmly on my beaming countenance, said to me, in tones that thrilled me to the very centre of my heart:

"Algeron, if anything were to happen to me—if you discovered I was not as good as I ought to be for your love, would you—could you—love me then as now?"

Need I say what my answer was? She kissed me for it, and on the spot I prevailed on her to name the happy day.

In due course we were married, and dutifully passed away a month together at the seaside. We then settled down in a cozy cottage in a cosy suburb. We had been at home for a week or two, quietly trying to settle down, when one day I thought to surprise my Julia with a new dress, or rather the silk for one. The day was a hot summer one, so with

the parcel under my arm, instead of entering my domicile by the front door, I went round to the back, and looked into the sitting-room, which was a favorite with Julia.

There she was, reclining on a sofa asleep, her figure displayed to much advantage for the gaze of an enraptured husband. I stole into the apartment, intending to place the parcel on a table and retire; but the sight that met my view chained me to the spot. One of Julia's eyes was shut, the other wide open, and glittering like a diamond of the first water. It fixed itself on me, and caused a thrill to pass down my right into my boots, as if I had received a galvanic shock.

All kinds of surmises raced through my troubled brain, and in my horror I would have cried out, but my tongue clung dryly to the roof of my mouth. After all, was mesmerism a science and a truth, and had I married one who had the power to lead me about by her sweet, strong will like a lap-dog at the end of a string, or was my Julia afflicted with paralysis of the optic nerve? Was she human, or only a bewitching, beautiful female Polyphemus? Could there be anything of the vampire in her composition? Could there—could there—

Great beads of perspiration gathered on my agonized brow, and the parcel dropped to the floor with a bump, which caused Julia to start up and utter a little shriek, which sent me plump into a chair.

"What is the matter, Algeron?" she asked.

"The heat—I have been walking fast!" I gasped.

And for the next ten minutes I was subjected to a process of *sal colatite* to my nostrils and vinegar to my temples. How I got over that evening I don't remember; but I do recollect that I felt dreadfully shaken, and was in a nervous way for several days afterward. Loving Julia dearly and afraid of hurting her feelings, I made no remarks, nor asked for an explanation. There was, however, growing upon me a feeling that there was some mystery connected with my wife, which only time could unravel.

I took to the study of biology in all its branches, that of the so-called mesmerism with avidity, but as may be imagined, in secret, and to little purpose, for I was neither a Darwin nor a Huxley. I was getting tranquilized, for Julia had not exhibited the peculiarity again, and I was about to toss my studies and perplexities to the winds of forgetfulness, when an event occurred which quite upset both my judgment and bodily health.

It was a lovely autumn morning, and I stood looking down upon my Eve-like one who was utterly distraught. That eye, that terrible bright eye of hers, was shining brighter than the morning star. The other was closed, and the long lashes casting a faint shadow on her alabaster cheek. She would have presented a pretty picture as she lay with her rosy lips slightly parted; but that eye spoiled it, and I, in a kind of frozen mechanical silence, roused myself and left the chamber.

I took in a small garden before breakfast and meditate may be beautiful, but to be pursued into every angle by an eye belonging to the being you love, the best in the world is, to say the least, about such a thing, bewildering. I was bewildered, bewitched, mesmerized, and when I came indoors and sat down to breakfast, I could only stare at my Julia in a stupid way.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked several times, and I could only return for answer something between a hysterical giggle and a groan.

I went to business, and blundered as never did a clerk before. On my way home I stopped at a second-hand bookshop, and purchased a moulty cyclopaedia, which contained articles on "The Evil Eye," "Vampires," "Paralysis of the Optic Nerve," &c.

The article on the evil eye riveted my attention during the whole of the remainder of the day, and when I retired to bed, dinnerless, tealess, and supperless, it was not to sleep, but to lie with my face to the floor, and behold eyes glaring at me from every corner of the room, which threw me into a fever, in which I lay for weeks.

One day as I lay exhausted, the fever almost gone, I overheard a low conversation, which tended very much to accelerate my recovery.

"The deception was cruel."

"That was my mother's voice."

"It was not my fault."

"That was my mother-in-law."

"It was mine, wholly mine. I was afraid of losing him, and I loved him. Oh, I loved him so dearly."

"That was my Julia."

"It must end, and at once, or I will not answer for the consequence."

"That was a man, and, slightly turning I recognized in the speaker a medical gentleman whom I had known for years."

"Who is to make the revelation?" whispered my mother.

"I will," exclaimed Julia. "Mine was the wrong doing, and mine is the duty to make all the reparation in my power, even if I am divorced."

confessed that the other was an artificial one.

In early youth a mischievous brother, younger than herself, had poked out her natural one with a pair of scissors, and to conceal the deformity she for years had worn a succession of glass eyes so skillfully made, herself and family fondly believed, as to defy detection. She urged, in palliation of the deception practiced on me, that if I had rejected her because of that one defect she would have died.

Her pleading was so powerful, and she, too, looked so beautiful in her pitiful distress, that I forgave her on the instant, and in a week from that nuptial treaty of peace was walking with her in our little garden with my arm around her waist.

To recruit my health our firm sent me to Germany, and taking my Julia with me, in Vienna we consulted a celebrated manufacturer of artificial eyes, who furnished her with an eye so artificially made and fixed, that, in the aftertime, the difference became to me still less and less observable, so that, as I now sit looking at her and our numerous children, I mentally bless the day when I was mesmerized into marriage by a glass eye.

Lewis Cass' Only Son.

Emily V. Mason was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in the Northwest. Her family were patrician and all her associations were elevated. In 1833, when her father was Secretary of the Territory of Michigan, she enjoyed a political as well as a social distinction, and later, when Michigan was erected into a State, her brother, Stevens T. Mason, became its first Governor, and she presided over his household and dispensed a liberal and graceful hospitality. The gubernatorial mansion was the centre of the culture and fashion of the Northwest, and Miss Mason was at the head of the society of the Wolverine metropolis. While Miss Mason was discharging the duties of first lady of the State, Major Lewis Cass was at West Point. During his vacations he visited his home and was thrown much into the society of the brilliant Emily. He was younger than she, and if he was snubbed by her beauty and accompanied by her never summoned the courage to propose. The sudden death of Governor Mason and the breaking up of the Mason household and the reverse that followed obliged Miss Mason to look about for means of support. She was a girl of proud, independent spirit, and with the remains of her property she purchased a market farm in Fairfax County, Va., and began business like a practical woman. She developed energy and commercial foresight, and soon enjoyed abundant prosperity. She supported herself and her orphaned nieces in elegant style, worked hard, and acquired a competence. At the outbreak of the civil war, her home was one of the most delightful in all Virginia, and she was enabled to devote a considerable portion of time to literature. The war, however, scattered her fortune to the winds, and left her all but destitute. She was now a fully matured woman, over 40 years of age, strong, resolute and energetic. Driven from her home, she went to Richmond and became a nurse in the hospitals. The Federal prisoners who came under her ministrations were objects of her special care. On the close of the war she devoted herself to the education of Southern orphanages, and published several works of an educational character. She dwelt in Washington for awhile, and her home in Pennsylvania avenue was the resort of some of the most brilliant men and women in the capital. She occupied a position in one of the government offices for a time, and everywhere commanded respect and admiration. She finally took up her residence in Paris. Many years before this Major Cass had established himself in the French capital, and had become a Frenchman in his tastes and methods of life. The two met and the concealed passion of early years rekindled in the breast of the old gentleman, led him to offer Miss Mason his hand and fortune, but she said that she had resolved never to marry, and the Major asked her to do him the honor of granting him her friendship. Then until his death, which occurred rather suddenly, Miss Mason was his companion in that friendship in which the French in decline of life know so well how to associate, and she closed his eyes and took charge of his remains. Under the terms of his will his body was embalmed and brought to Michigan. A plain tomb, to cost not more than \$200, will mark the resting place of Lewis Cass, the self-expecting descendant of Michigan's greatest son. The will of Major Cass bequeaths to Miss Mason \$6,000, the diamond rings, which the testator dearly prized, and makes her the joint executrix of the instrument.

Gallant Joe Hooker.

Joe Hooker, at the reception of the Army of the Potomac, occupied a big arm-chair, having a beautiful little girl of seven on his knees, whom he kissed repeatedly. One of the company remarked to the child, "You must remember this. Ten or fifteen years hence you will be very proud of having been kissed by fighting Joe Hooker."

Whereupon the general wittily retorted, "I should not mind it either, my dear, if you were ten or fifteen years older now."

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse; a very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice.

Premature Burials.

It is a fact, as strange as it is sad, that so many persons are buried before they are thoroughly dead. The reason is, perhaps, that much ignorance still prevails in regard to what is real death. Even physicians, who should know better, have frequently pronounced a person dying or dead, when it was only a fainting fit of long duration, with cessation of circulation and respiration. The sign of death commonly believed in, is to place a mirror on the face of a person and observe if any moisture is condensed on that portion of glass over the mouth, or to tie a string tightly around a finger and notice if it swells. The moisture on the mirror and the swelling up of the finger, are, to be sure, certain signs that death has not taken place, while they are the result of continued—however weak—respiration and circulation; but the failure to observe any such results is by no means a guarantee that the person is dead, because there are numerous cases of a trance state in which respiration and circulation had totally stopped, and after many hours, and even days, were restored. A person in such a condition gives no signs of life whatsoever—no auscultation can detect the slightest trace of the beating of the heart; it is only a suspension of those functions of life, which certainly are also the first symptoms of the beginning of death, but do not constitute death itself, which takes place sometime afterward. If, now, this real death does not follow, and the functions of respiration and circulation, from some unknown cause, are restored to the individual, he soon regains his consciousness; and if, in the meantime, the relatives, ignorant of the above facts, had too much confidence in the physician who declared the patient dead, and listened to the advice of the undertakers, who are always anxious to finish up their jobs, so as not to be cheated out of them, the poor patient has been buried alive, and his feelings, on awakening in the narrow coffin, buried in the earth beyond help, are a most horrible thing to contemplate. Real death does not commence before the lingering vitality has been so far extinguished that the ordinary chemical processes and reactions between the different parts constituting the body take place without hindrance. If we have a soul or spirit which can exist independently of the body, this spirit cannot become free from its entanglements in the material body before this body begins to decompose and loses its vital functions entirely; before that time unconsciousness prevails. We hold, therefore, that death begins with unconsciousness, and that if there is an after life of the spirit, the real death or departure of this spirit only takes place when decomposition of the body begins, which alone constitutes real death of the body, while the soul is gradually set free, or evolved from the decaying body. The sure sign of this decomposition is not the odor, as many sick persons emit bad odors even during life; but it is the visible signs of decomposition, which are a greenish discoloration, first appearing on the abdomen or in the region of the stomach. This sign is absolutely certain, and if we had the power, we would have a law enacted forbidding the burial (except in cases of prevailing dangerous epidemics) of any individual in which this sign had not appeared.

A Romance on the Rail.

They came into the car at a wayside station together. She was in the lead, a position she is not likely to surrender as long as they travel together. A tall brunette, with a sharp face, piercing black eyes, hair black as a raven's wing, a long aquiline nose, with a mole on the side of it, a mouth the cut of which betokened determination and force. She had passed the shady side of the teens and had climbed to the apex of a quarter of a century. He was a guileless youth over whose tow-colored head some eighteen summers had passed, an innocent loblollyhead, just released from his mother's apron strings. On him she cast loving glances, and his face, sufficed with blushes, was turned with a timid, appealing look to her.

The car was crowded, and eligible seats not easily obtainable. About the middle of the car a sedate traveler occupied a seat to himself. Thither the irrepressible lady pressed her way. The sedate traveler rose, and with much courtesy invited her to take a seat next to the window, and when she was seated he calmly ensconced himself upon the vacant half of the chair. By this time the young man whom she was escorting had come up. He placed his hand on the back of the seat, looked appealingly on the face of his protectress, and timidly around the car. He was evidently embarrassed, and did not know what to do with himself. The sharp-eyed brunette eyed the sedate traveler by her side with a sharpness that almost amounted to malignity.

But the traveler seemed all unconscious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected, and looked away over the fields through an opposite window. The brunette could no longer endure to see her callow beau standing forlorn, and thus addressed the sedate traveler, whose eyes were wandering far away, and whose thoughts were with the dear one at home:

"I say, stranger—"

"Well, say on," responded the sedate traveler.

"I say, look here, stranger."

"Well, what have you got to show me?" said the sedate man.

"Stranger, I want you to know that

this young gentleman standing up there is my feller."

"Oh! I'm glad to hear it. How long have you had him? Take care of him, I suppose?"

"Now, you just look here, stranger; this young man is my feller, and I'm bound to see that nobody shall impose on him. You hear me? Now if you had any manners you'd get up and let him have a seat by me."

"Oh, I am very happy in your society. You cannot imagine how much pleasure it has given me to furnish you a seat where you can see through the window. Besides, I always took a special delight in being near charming ladies like yourself," replied the sedate traveler.

"But, sir, he is my feller, my beau—do you understand?"

"Is that so? Who would have thought it? And does his mother place him under your protection when he goes abroad?"

"Now, you look here, stranger, me and that young man expects to be engaged, and we've been keeping company together, and me and him wants to have a talk together, and you are real mean if you don't give him a seat by me, so that we can talk; that's what I think."

"The imperturbable traveler straightened up, then leaned over in the direction of the sharp-faced brunette, smiled most benignly and lovingly on her, and thus spoke:

"Charming lady, I would be most happy to accommodate you, but you see I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, way-worn and weary, and a long way from home. Besides, my heart is just now beating a tattoo of ecstatic satisfaction because of your charming presence. Being a bachelor, and being near one so lovely and engaging, how can I forego the pleasure I now enjoy? I have had dreams in my time—bright dreams—as I have wandered through this great big world, of some time meeting one to whom I could reveal all this sad heart of mine would fain no longer conceal. You are the impersonation of my dreams, and now would you drive me from your lovely side? Say, has no bird sung in your heart? I saw you come as a star rises above the horizon, and the light of your eyes has illuminated my soul. Say, beautiful stranger, will you drive me hence?"

"The sedate traveler ceased to speak. The fire had gone down in the brunette's eyes, the severe expression had vanished from her face, her stern lips had relaxed their rigidity and parted just enough to reveal the ivory structure within, and in a tone that was soft and low she asked:

"Did you say you was a bachelor?"

"Aye, beautiful stranger, that's my fortunate station."

Then the brunette turned her eyes softly upon her "feller" who stood twiveling his fingers and gazing around in an abashed, timid sort of way, and thus she addressed him:

"Tom, I guess you'd better get another seat while I speak with this gentleman."

A Happy Sailor.

In 1813, a sailor who had just returned from India, with more money than he well knew what to do with, took up his residence at a public house in Chelsea, and spent his time and money in the following manner: He walked out before breakfast in the morning, and the first person he met of the laboring class, both men and women, he hired for the day. He then brought them to the house, and first paying them their wages, ordered each a couple of glasses of sherry and brandy by way of a whet for breakfast, which consisted of hot rolls, toast, bread and butter, tea, coffee, eggs, breakfast and brandy. The remainder of the day, till dinner, he kept them singing, dancing and drinking. At one o'clock the sailor had dinner served up, which consisted of good roast beef, boiled rice, mutton, plum pudding, and porter. And after dinner there was plenty of port wine and other liquors. The wine was brought by a dozen bottles at a time. This social rat never hired the same person to be merry a second day, but had a fresh party every morning. His company each day was limited to twelve persons, besides the musician.

Royal Courage.

A story of the attempt on the life of King George III. is worthy to be remembered. On May 15, 1800, the English Ministers received notice that an attempt would be made to assassinate the King, and advised him not to go to Drury Lane. George III. replied that he feared nothing. On arriving he took care to enter his box first, and as he did so a pistol shot was heard and a bullet lodged in the ceiling. He turned and said to the Queen, who was behind him: "Stand back for a moment—they are burning some cartridges."

He then advanced to the front of the box and folding his arms, called aloud: "Now you may fire if you like."

An appeal to the sentiment and admiration of a crowd always produces its effect. The audience rose to their feet like

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YEARS AGO.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed, and faded years ago.

How we met, and how we parted,
None on earth can ever know;
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished, years ago.

Hearts that love like mine, forget not—
They're the same, in weal or woe;
And the stars of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.

The Marked Arm.

Click! In the dead of the night a sharp sound awakened Mrs. Halifont. The room was dark. Not even a gleam of moon or starlight fell through the curtains of the windows. It was a very strange sound, indeed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing more.

She sat up, leaning on her dimpled elbow, and put out her right hand and touched her husband's shoulder. He lay upon his pillow sound asleep, and did not awaken at her touch.

"It must have been a dream," said Mrs. Halifont, and her young head—she was only the bride of a year—nestled down close to her husband's arm, and she slept again.

This time the sound did not arouse Mrs. Halifont. It was her husband who awakened. He did not pause to listen, but grasped the revolver beneath his pillow and jumped out of bed at once. In an alcove in the next room stood a safe which contained money and valuables. It was not one of the wonderful new safes which defy fire and burglars, but an old one that had been in the family a long time. Mr. Halifont knew on the instant that some one was opening this safe.

A man of courage, a man who never hesitated in the face of danger, one, too, who had a warm regard for his worldly possessions, Mr. Halifont strode at once into the room where he knew the house-breakers were at work and running in the dark against a powerful man tackled him at once.

The light of the lantern flashed across the room. There were two more men. Three against one.

The sound of blows, struggling, and the report of a pistol aroused the young wife once more. Amidst her terror she had the good sense to light the gas. It shone upon a spectacle of horror. Her husband weltering in his blood, wrestling with a gigantic man, whose features were concealed by a mask of black crape. A man, the upper part of whose person was clothed only in a knotty woollen shirt, of some dark color, with sleeves that left his great arms bare. On the right one, the one which eluded Mr. Halifont's throat, was a red mark or brand, a scar, a birthmark. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Halifont even in a calmer moment, to tell what it was, but it indelibly impressed itself upon her mind, as she bravely cast herself into the struggle, and fought with all her might to drag the terrible hand from her husband's throat, screaming all the while for aid.

A blow, a kick, would have silenced her. The burglar must have known that, but there are very bad men who could not use violence toward a woman, to save their own lives. This man could not. His companions had flown with their booty, help might arrive at any moment. With a great effort he wrenched himself from the clutch of his victim, and let go his throat and sped away. It was not too soon; assistance arrived, now that it was too late, but Mr. Halifont did not live to tell the story. His young wife watched by his bedside until he breathed his last, then dropped beside it senseless.

For weeks she raved in wild delirium of the murderous hand, of the great muscular arm with a scar upon it, and called upon all to save her husband's life; but she was young and had a fine constitution. After a while her health returned, and at last her mind regained its equipoise.

She removed from the city and took up her abode in a lonely country place with a favorite sister for a companion. She had resolved, as all widows who have loved their husbands do at first, to remain a widow forever. And indeed, though many young men would gladly have tempted one so young, beautiful and wealthy to change her mind on this point she seemed to care less for any one of them than of the kitten which purled upon her knee, or the little black and tan terrier which ran by her side along the garden paths. She was nineteen when her husband was murdered; at thirty-two she was still true to his memory.

Is any one forever utterly true to their lover's memory out of romance—who does not die young? I fear not. In this, the lapsing summer of the woman's life, when she pretends to believe that autumn has actually come, temptation to inconstancy assailed her. For many years a fine house upon the neighboring estate had been empty, but now there came to take possession of it a gentleman not yet forty—a widow with plenty of money and no children, and a handsome man, well built and stalwart, with magnificent black hair and eyes that were like black diamonds—indeed he called

himself a Spaniard, and his speech betrayed a foreign accent.

Those dark eyes and blue ones met, a few neighborly words exchanged, a call emotion creeping into her heart. She felt pleased and flattered by the stranger's admiration. Then she knew she was loved and rejoiced—and so discovered that she herself loved again.

At first she was angry with herself, then she wept over her inconstancy, but at last she yielded utterly. After all, it was the love that made her untrue; since she had loved she could never pride herself on being faithful again, and so she listened to the sweet words, that despite herself, made her happy, and promised to marry Colonel Humphries. When a widow does marry a second time she generally contrives to make a fool of herself.

Mrs. Halifont had certainly not done as foolishly as some widows do. She had neither chosen a little boy or a titled Italian without money enough to keep himself in macaroni. Her future husband was older than herself, and too rich to be suspected of any intention of being a fortune hunter; but, after all, no one knew him. He came into the neighborhood without letters of introduction to any one, and whether he won wealth by trade or came to it by inheritance remained a mystery.

There were those who shrugged their shoulders, and declared that Mrs. Halifont would regret not having some one of whom more was known—a fortune merchant, some gentleman of some retired merchant, some gentleman of some fortune who father had been known to her friends. Nothing, to be sure, could be said against the Spaniard or Cuban with the English name, but who knew anything in his favor?

However, no one said this to Mrs. Halifont, and if any one had, words never changed a woman's fancy yet. Mrs. Halifont believed in Colonel Humphries, and intended to marry him. Indeed the trousseau was prepared, the wedding day fixed, and all was ready, and Ida Halifont believed herself to be a very happy woman. She once more built castles in the air. Her old sorrow seemed to fade away in the distance. She was a girl again.

At last only twenty-four hours lay between her and her wedding day.

She was busy in her sewing-room on this last day, finishing some ruffles in lace and ribbon, and singing to herself, when suddenly the house was filled with sharp cries.

An old man-servant while cutting the grass upon the lawn, wounded himself seriously. The doctor was sent for at once, but was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding to death.

Suddenly Ida Halifont remembered that Mr. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though he had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her to call upon one who was so soon to be her protector, in a moment of anxiety. She would call him herself that night, she said, and seizing her garden hat, she ran along a little path that led from her grounds to that of Mr. Humphries, climbed a low fence to save time which would have been lost in reaching a gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling, of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terrified and distressed. She felt rather injured in that such an unpleasant thing as the wounding of poor Zebedee should have happened on the eve of her wedding day. Ten minutes after she thought of herself at that moment as utterly at ease—was drowsily happy—for as she reached those windows and peeped half timidly through the curtain, a thing happened that made all she had ever suffered as nothing.

The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out of a conservatory. She saw Col. Humphries busy with some rare plants he had just set out in the warm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that had been set ready for him. He was close to Ida Halifont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him. Why did she not speak and call him by name? Why did she sink down upon her knees and clasp her hands and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: Upon that arm to which she was about to give the right to clasp her in the tenderest embrace, she saw a terrible mark—a mark she had seen once before. Her eyes had been riveted upon it as the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended grasped her dying husband's throat. She had learned it all by heart; she could not be deceived. Though years had rolled away, that horrible marked arm was not to be forgotten or mistaken for any other.

Suddenly Col. Humphries felt himself grasped by a hand that, small as it was, had the fierce clutch of the tiger's claw. The fingers closed over that red mark—a white face came close to his.

"You are my husband's murderer!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Then the two stood staring at each other. He made no denial. He only looked down upon his arm and cursed it aloud.

"How dare you make love to me?" she gasped. "You—"

"Because I loved you," he said. "Women, if I had not fallen in love with you that night I should have killed you also. It was risking my life to

spare you with your screams calling me to hunt me down."

"Oh, if you had but killed me then!" she moaned.

"Well, I am at your mercy now," he said.

She answered: "I wish you would. I pray you do it. You killed my husband. The murderer of my husband must be brought to justice, and I—yesterday, nay, an hour ago—I loved you! Oh, God pity me! I have loved this man, who came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered him."

She remembered saying this. Afterwards a strange drowsiness overcame her. She seemed to let go her hold upon the world. She faintly recognized the fact that Col. Humphries knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were blank hours, and strange, wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight and found herself bound fast to a great arm-chair, long cords about her arms tying her hands and confining her feet.

So her servants found her; but she was the only living being in the great house. Col. Humphries and his two black servants had vanished, no one knew whither.

The empty bottle of chloroform on the floor—the fact that he had left behind him, and he had had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time, all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced—or he had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track.

Ida Halifont lived through it all. She lies to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever seen her smile since that hour. No one will ever see her smile again; and from her deep slumber she often starts in terror fancying that she sees uplifted menacing above her that cruel terrible arm marked with the blood-red stain. There is no happiness for her, for she can never forget this arm had also embraced her.

In a Log.

In 1878 Grant Marsh master of the *For West*, and one of the most popular men on the Missouri river, had a party of excursionists aboard his boat, among them Miss Sherman. He was rather attentive to the blooming Miss Sherman. He is something of a lady's man, and she appeared to be much pleased with his handsome face, manly bearing, and the attentions he paid her. At one of the wood-landings the whole party went ashore, Captain Marsh escorting Miss Sherman, as usual. While this couple were promenading up and down the bank, something with black and white stripes upon it suddenly shot across the trail at Miss Sherman's feet and disappeared in a hollow log. Woman's quick instinct suggested at once the nature of the apparition, and she wanted Captain Marsh to kill the snake at once. Marsh went, of course. He would like no better diversion than eternally smashing up Yellowstone reptiles for the entertainment of good looking young ladies. He rushed bravely forward and poked the end of a dead limb into the hollow log, and they all stood back and gazed into the opening to see what would be the result.

The close inspection was highly unnecessary. A blind man a half mile off could have made a reliable affidavit as to the species of the animal which Captain Marsh was stirring up with the end of a short stick. There was a wild rush for the boat, a hurried order to steam ahead to the next wood lot and as the boat swung out into the turbid current, Captain Marsh said: "If I'd known that was a skunk in that log, you may be sure I wouldn't have been poking around there much to kill a snake." And everybody who knew him believed him. After the voyage was over and the party had disembarked, Miss Sherman's parting words to Captain were to beware of Yellowstone snakes, and he has ever since.

A Wedding Stopped at the Altar.

There was a strange scene at Cincinnati one day last week. A respectable and intelligent young lady was engaged to be married, and made the discovery that her affianced was in the habit of drinking, and told him what she had learned. He promised never to drink again, and she forgave him. The wedding day was subsequently set, and all went well until the morning appointed for the performance of the ceremony. During the interval he made his usual visits, and though he drank at times, his betrothed never learned of his faithlessness until it was nearly too late to punish him for it. They were standing side by side, and a moment more would have found them man and wife, when he turned toward her and his tell-tale breath spoke of whisky. When the minister propounded the usual questions to her, the response came faintly, "No." In surprise the question was again asked, and this time the response was clear and decisive, "No." She then turned to her lover, accused him of drinking, reminded him of his promise to her, and said that a man who would break a promise so solemnly made could not be relied upon, and she feared to trust her future to such a man. Expostulations and entreaties were all in vain, and that little "Yes" still remained unsaid.

About 1,000 pounds of fruit are dried every day in Atlanta, Ga.

The assessors of Springfield, Massachusetts, claim a population of 20,000 for that city.

Fast Life.

Recently the guests in the Cosmopolitan Hotel, New York, were startled, by the report of a pistol, and an investigation disclosed the fact that George Leroy Livingston, who was staying there temporarily, had shot himself in the shoulder. The wound was not a serious one, and Mr. Livingston claimed that it was accidental. Circumstances, however, lead to the belief that he had shot himself for a purpose. It appears that some years ago he was one of the fast young men among the habitués of the fashionable clubs of New York. He was young and handsome, engaging in manners, and extravagant in his habits. He was dependent upon his mother for the means of gratifying his tastes, and a knowledge of his reckless expenditures being made known to her, she suddenly cut off his supplies. In the meantime he had made the acquaintance of a Miss Louise Heart, of Troy, the possessor of \$80,000, left her by her mother, and presumptive heiress to her father's half million. In opposition to the advice of friends Miss Heart married the handsome rake, paying even the clergyman's fee and defraying the expenses of a subsequent trip to Europe. On their return they entered upon an extravagant mode of life. The wife's \$80,000 soon disappeared, but in the meantime her father died, and she came into possession of \$300,000, from roads upon this, and the principle was steadily disappearing, yet they managed to keep up the appearance of great wealth. Among the intimate friends of Mrs. Livingston was a Miss Mary Gale, who, having no mother to watch over her, had developed into a thoughtless flirt. An intimacy sprang up between Livingston and Miss Gale, which provoked a good deal of comment among the fashionable circles. About the middle of last April Mrs. Livingston, who had been made aware of the intimacy between husband and friend, had a somewhat stormy interview with the former in which she charged him with having transferred his affections to Miss Gale, which charge he unblushingly admitted. She then sent for Miss Gale and asked her if she thought her husband loved her (Miss Gale). The latter thought he did. Mrs. Livingston then ordered her to leave the house, and gave her husband a similar charge. Miss Gale went home, confiscated the family diamonds and such other valuables as she could lay her hands on, packed her clothes, and set out for New York with Livingston, who, it is said, was furnished by his wife with money to travel on. Miss Gale was of age, but her father found he could control her on another ground, and so sent detectives to trace her up and threaten to arrest for the theft of the diamonds if she refused to return. She concluded to return home. Mrs. Livingston instituted proceedings for and obtained a divorce, and resumed her maiden name. Since then Livingston had been hard up and had endeavored to effect a reconciliation with his wife, and it is believed that he wounded himself with the pistol as above described in order to awaken the lady's sympathies.

Turkish Customs.

In his volume of travels in Turkey Captain Burnaby has given a large variety of amusing particulars eminently worthy of perusal. Radford, the Captain's English servant, was one of the veritable descendants of Uncle Toby's Corporal Trimmen—for there are a large family of them—to whom the word duty means obeying the word of command, no matter what form it may happen to take, be it to cook a dinner or storm a trench. At Constantinople another servant was required and engaged—one Osman, a Mohammedan, a very smart fellow, in every sense of the word. Picturesque in dress, tall and fine-looking into the bargain, and fully alive to the worth of the Efendi's gold, to which he helped himself unparaphrasing, without hurt to his conscience or hindrance to his prayers. The devotion of this worthy proving a fruitful source of misery to the Captain he came to the conclusion that religious servants are a mistake, especially in the East. At Constantinople there was some little delay occasioned by having horses to buy and friends to see, and then there were the cafes, which are always amusing more or less; for the proprietors find that good voices and pretty girls are sure attractions, whether for Gaiety or Turk. But the poor girls have a hard time of it. By birth they are gloriously Hungarian and Italian. They act as waitresses mostly, and are compelled by the Turks who frequent the cafes to sweeten, by tasting, all that they order. The violence thus done to their digestive organs may be imagined. One girl bewailed her lot, saying: "It is such a mixture. I have a pain sometimes (pointing to the bodice of her dress). I wish to cry; but I have to run about and smile, wait upon visitors and drink with them. It is a dreadful life! Oh, if I could only return to Florence!" Captain Burnaby found the Turkish women's faces "sadly wanting in expression"; at least, those he had an opportunity of seeing, for the women all go veiled. Still, their veils are of very thin muslin, and man's curiosity is penetrating. But this noticeable lack of expression is not to be wondered at when we hear that they are wholly uncultivated in mind—only one in a thousand among them can read or write. They amuse themselves in gossip and eating. At the village of Nahilan the calimacan or governor was

hospitable, and soon the whole population was in attendance to see and talk with the traveler. He was given the seat of honor on a rug near the fire. The calimacan in a fur lined dressing-gown, came next, the rest of the party in order not according to rank, but according to their possessions, the man who owned one hundred cows being seated next the governor. Conversation at first did not get on any better than at home. But some one made a plunge and the state of the roads was discussed. This opened the way to politics and the prospect of English help, about which the Turks were eager and anxious to learn. The war was the one topic of interest among them. The night's lodging at the next halt, gives us an insight into Turkish beds and bedrooms. No bedsteads are used. "One or two mattresses are laid on the floor; the yorgans, a silk quilt lined and stuffed with feathers, taking the place of sheets and blankets. These yorgans are heirlooms in a Turkish family, and are handed down from father to son. It is a mark of high respect when a host gives you his wedding yorgan to sleep under. Captain Burnaby found the honor a trying one, as many generations of deas shared it with him. Hearing that he was married, Captain Burnaby questioned him about his wife. Did he love her? Was she pretty? To which Osman replied: "She is a good cook. She makes soup. Effendi, I could not afford to marry a good-looking girl. There was one in our village—such a pretty one, with eyes like a hare and plump as a turkey—but she could not cook, and her father wanted too much for her. For my present wife I gave only ten liras (or Turkish pounds); but she did not weigh more than 100 pounds. She was very cheap. Her eyes are not quite straight, but she can cook. Looks don't last; but cooking is an art that the Prophet himself did not despise. At every place a cordial reception awaited the traveler. Nothing can exceed the hospitality and generosity of the Turk. Admire what belongs to him, and he begs you to accept it, be it a book, a horse, or a servant."

Oil Yourself a Little.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "I would be well for you if you would oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. No one, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled it, and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like a creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle full of this precious oil, for every family is likely to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

A Left-Handed Horse.

A shrewd Granger came into Fremont the other day with a span of horses, which, in appearance, were paragons of animal beauty. A horse-racer caught sight of them and offered to buy them at once. The Granger was willing to sell consequently the bargain was soon closed, the money paid over, and the horses delivered to the new owner. The Granger then looked at the horseman with a wicked twinkle in his eye, and remarked: "Mister, there's some instructions goes with them horses."

"What are they?" replied the horseman.

"Well, sir, when that critter lies down on his right side, you has to turn him over before he can get up. He's a left-handed brute, and can't use his right side. The other animal was born backward, and doesn't pull well any other way. When you hitch him to a wagon just reverse ends, and he'll pull a mountain up by the roots."

After delivering these instructions the Granger walked off, chuckling like a loose cog-wheel, and the horseman was sorry that Beecher had abolished Hades before this Granger's time to die had come. But the horseman was resolved not to be beat in this way, and began to look about for a victim. He soon found one in the person of a prominent lawyer, to whom he sold the team at a fancy price. After getting his money he delivered the "instructions" as he had received them, and now there's a lawyer on the ragged edge who is casting his eyes wistfully around for some other man wishing to buy a beautiful team. He'll sell cheap and throw the instructions in.

—Let prudence always attend your pleasures; it is the way to enjoy the sweets of them and not be afraid of the consequences.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"Oil yourself a little," was the advice given to a cross old gentleman who was forever getting angry.

The gift of prayer may have praise with man, but it is the grace of prayer that has power with God.

False friendship is like the parasitic moss which feeds on the life of the tree which it pretends to adorn.

An enemy that disguises himself under the veil of friendship is worse than one who declares open hostility.

Nothing is beneath you if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable if it is off and away from that.

There is only one thing better than tradition; that is, the original and eternal Life out of which all tradition took its rise.

The Beloved is of such a nature that he will admit of no rival, but will have thy heart alone, and sit on his own throne as King.

We shall all be held responsible, not only for the evil which we do ourselves, but for the evil which we might prevent others from doing.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

However uncontrollable the circumstances of our life may be, the qualities of character which we seek to cultivate in them are ours to choose.

We should always be careful on whom we confer benefits; for if we bestow them on the base-minded it is like throwing water into the sea.

Such as hear disbelieving discourse, and repeat it against the person concerned, are much mistaken if they think to oblige them by such indiscreet confidences.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and toward all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

Think not that a pleasure which God hath threatened, nor a blessing which Heaven hath cursed. True spiritual joy and pleasure come only by following that which is good.

The face of the earth is not apt to frown at success;

Hoofland's German Bitters

TYPE FOR ALL
The LOW

Hoodland's German Bitters.

During the warm season the rivers become enfeebled and the whole system debilitated. The stomach loses its power of digestion, the liver becomes congested and sluggish, causing biliousness, constipation, diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera morbus; and the prevalence of malarial and febrile affections, such as ague, fever and typhoid fevers, often of serious import. The consequences, taken together, are, in the morning, a tablespoonful of Hoodland's German Bitters: it is a splendid tonic and alterative, that will restore the appetite and strength, and will gradually re-establish the liver and strengthen and build up the whole system to withstand the summer heat and all its baneful influences.

Liver is King.

The Liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and vigor of the human. When it is disturbed in its proper action, the movements of the whole are natural result. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system are all immediately connected with the workings of the liver. It has been successfully proved that Ringer's August Flower is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with indigestion, constipation, and all the numerous troubles that result from an unhealthy condition of the liver. Send for Stomach, Sample bottles to try, 10 cents. P.O. Address, Dr. J. C. Ringer, to the Western Continent. Three doses will prove it is just what you want.

Hon. A. H. Stevens,

the great statesman of the South, says: "I endured Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for rheumatism with great benefit." It never fails to cure the worst case. Send for circular to J. C. Ringer, Druggists, Washington, D. C. Sold by all druggists.

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any instances the collection of poisons as a speciality of their avocation. It is erroneous to suppose that snakes will attack a man without provocation, and that they are capable of making a spring of several feet or even yards in an arrangement of their extraordinary coils does not admit of their interdicting movement of their body beyond it or of rapidly uncoiling themselves to its full length, as anybody may satisfy himself by irritating any of our harmless species when encountered in holes or of trees, under bark or similar hiding places where a retreat is not feasible. Under these particular circumstances they evince a ready disposition to attack the intruder who ventures to disturb their repose. There is in South Africa a very large species of the rattlesnake known to naturalists as the *Rattus adamanteus*, which has sufficient capacity to feed upon animals up to the size of the wild rabbit. It would naturally be supposed that this snake, before to capture such a wild creature, must possess compensating qualities by its capability of ingesting its prey.

[illegible]

Importers of Diamonds

east several feet. This does not, however, seem to be the case, as experienced by an accidental encounter with these formidable reptiles, which

One year ago last March I had Lung Fever; it left me very feeble for a while. I could do but very little work, and for me to do a little. I had never heard of it. One day I saw the advertisement. I felt that if I could get that it would help me. I sent the next day and

side to suit cisterns or wells of any depth, from
feet, either plain or lined with galvanized
seamless drawn tube copper. We keep a
complete assortment in size, length and
close next to the

to Florida, quietly coiled up in the dense palmetto underbrush, and from the settlement, near the old Fort Capron. We dispensed this occasion, contrary to advice, the gun, which would have offered an opportunity to forego the experiment of an encounter, and advanced armed only a short, stout stick with a barbed end. Our intended prey to observe his behavior. The reptile proved unafraid to the danger of her situation, raising slightly her head above the coil of her body, which covered nearly two feet in diameter. The turning-point of the adventure, undetermined, not in a quick uncoiling of its six-foot long body, but a quick offering of resistance. A time-honored well-aimed blow then arrested her progress by breaking the neck, after which she was dragged to the open land, near the place where a cut of an axe severed her head, well preserved in alcohol, and lies by its great size.

[illegible]

...that can be made by
...furnishing facilities, similar to the furnish the
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...BUREAU OF BUREAU. While the
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WHOLE NO. 2166.

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THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley,
Ah, me! How my spirit was stirred;
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this valley?
To hearts that are hallowed by care,
It lies far between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;

And one is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

"Vincit Veritas."

I am lying on the grass with a butterfly
cup in my mouth, and a large sun-bon-
net pulled down over my eyes. I am
thinking of a time—just twenty three
years ago—when I was lying on just
the same spot.

I close my eyes, and see myself again
in the summer of 1855. A very pretty
girl, with dark eyes and chestnut hair,
and I wear a cheerful but rather shy
expression—which, both my good old
uncle and Guy, Runcorn, our wealthy
neighbor, say greatly improve my looks.

I do not believe my uncle loves me
more than he does his own—some
daughter, who only returned from a
French finishing school last week.

Now, as my thoughts take this turn,
my face wears an anxious, wistful look,
for I remember how she dazzled us all
with her brilliant beauty and accom-
plishments, and how Guy quite neglect-
ed me for her, when, before her arrival
I knew it was but a question of a few
days ere he would have been my accept-
ed lover, and hard, unwomanly ideas
came into my head as I thought that my
cousin was stealing him from me.

Now, when I look back, I wonder at
the strength and depth of my passion.
Such an ordinary sort of fellow, with
quite his share of faults, as well as the
virtues common to our poor mortals.

I envied Madge her beauty, while I
hated myself for doing so; but I was a
woman, after all—a weak, faulty woman
and she was slowly, but surely taking
the man I loved from me.

So, walking home, I wished I had
been to a Boulogne finishing school.
But I had no right to complain; I was
only the vicar's poor, dependent niece,
so any "scrapped up" education was
good enough for me!

Sanctifying the gravel walk lead-
ing to the vicarage, it did not improve
the condition of my mind to see, through
the long French windows, my cousin,
looking bewilderingly lovely, with that
soft "illusion" so peculiarly becoming
to her dainty complexion, round her
neck and hands, presiding over the tea-
table, with Guy as her assiduous atten-
dant.

Feeling that my face had flushed
with annoyance, I turned down a nar-
row little path that divided our garden
from the high road, and, as I went, I
pulled viciously at the wild roses that
thickly studded our side of the hedge.

"So Miss Vivian has returned home,"
said a voice from the road. "I hear she
is a great beauty. Do you know any-
thing of her?"

I am ashamed to say that I almost
crept along in my anxiety to hear the
answer.

"My young sister, who was at school
with her, says it was talked in the school
that Miss Vivian used to meet—clandes-
tinely, of course—a Frenchman of excel-
lent family, until she grew tired, and
jilted him."

"Runcorn is in love with her already,
I'm afraid. I'd rather he would marry
the vicar's niece, though she's a vain
little thing."

"If I can't have him, she shan't!" I
muttered. And with this wicked dog-in-
the-manger thought in my heart, I en-
tered the drawing-room in time to see a
deep blush overpread my cousin's
cheek at some implied compliment from
Guy.

It ever I saw the first dawn of love—
a pure, ardent love—on a woman's face,
it was on Madge Vivian's when I ap-
proached, with the deliberate intention
to do all in my power to wreck her
newly-found happiness.

Now vividly I remember commencing
my evil work!

How I turned and twisted the story I
had overheard, until I succeeded in
holding my cousin up to Guy's scorn as a
heartless jilt!

So, day after day did I persevere, and
ere a week was over, Madge grew pale
and spiritless, and Guy wretchedly rest-
less. He was trying to conquer his love
for her without success; and while he
hesitated to ask an explanation, she was
too proud to tender it unasked.

At length the crisis came. Guy had
received a message denouncing his
determined look on his face, I con-
fessed, and rightly, that he had formed
some resolution regarding Madge.

It was evening, but the summer twi-
light was clear and light. I was sitting
in the library, in the deep embrasured
window, and my eyes were gradually
being opened to a sense of my great
wickedness, when Guy entered hastily,
and drawing the materials towards him
sat down to write.

I was just about to move, when he
arrested my attention by murmuring,
"I will write, and if she does not reply
to my letter, I will never see her more!"

So he was writing to her. All my
bitterness rose again, and taking up a

book, I sat still in the shadow. It was
growing dark, and I could only see to
read the heading which was printed in
large type—one of my uncle's sermons.
There was the title, "Vincit Veritas"—
"Truth Conquers."

"Vincit Veritas"—"Truth conquers,"
repeated I, again and again, until the
words seemed burnt into my very brain
—until I could think of nothing else—
until, in a moment of impatience,
I threw the book on the floor, making
Guy, who was just enclosing his letter in
an envelope, start from his chair.

Then, with another lie on my lips, I
apologized, saying I had no idea he was
there.

"Miss Vivian has kept her room all
day," he said, rather nervously. "May
I ask if you will give her that letter? I
must take the nine o'clock train for
London."

And he gave the letter into my ready
hands.

I left the room, ostensibly on my er-
rand; but instead of going upstairs I
went out into the garden, down the
path, opened the gate, and stood in the
chestnut tree avenue.

If no reply came, Guy would go away
and my scheming would have
triumphed.

Yet, as I walked, I could not get that
old sermon out of my head, and "Vincit
Veritas" seemed ringing in my ears.

Fairly haunted by that old sermon, I
turned and hastily walked back, entered
the house; and as the old clock in the
hall was striking eight, I met Guy at
the door of the library, with his face
white, and his lips drawn down, as with
sudden pain.

"You gave Miss Vivian my letter?"
he asked.

I hesitated.

The lying "Yes" was on my lips;
but there was the old clock ticking
"Vincit Veritas" as plainly as it could
tick anything; so, with an effort, I
swallowed the "Yes," and answered
"No; I am going up with it now!"

"Was as if he had been in the last
stage of starvation and I had offered him
a bit of bread, to see the look of hope
and hunger joy that leapt into his eyes."

I rushed up stairs into Madge's room,
and tossing the letter into her lap, left
her.

I heard her go down to Guy, and the
library door shut, and then entering
my little room with the oriel window,
through which the stars blinked pit-
ifully, I thought, I threw myself on the
bed, and there sobbed forth my grief
and repentance.

Well, they were married soon after;
and they have been, and are still, very
happy indeed.

And I am happy, too—at least, so far
as a woman can be who is utterly alone.

I live very quietly and comfortably,
and have been the recognized old maid
of the little town for longer than I care
to remember; but there are many pleas-
ant things even in the life of an old
maid, and so I may truly say I am happy.

Vivier's Eccentricity.

Vivier, the eccentric Frenchman, who
has made it the business of his life to
worry the custom-house inspectors of
all European countries, has returned
to France. His wont formerly was to
pack a huge trunk full of trousers
straps such as are worn with gaiters—
using hydraulic pressure, if it were nec-
essary, to cram five bushels into a
three bushel space, then to lure the in-
spectors to open it as a suspicious pack-
age, when, naturally, the contents were
overseen, and the whole force of the cus-
tom house was occupied for hours put-
ting them back.

A powerful jack-in-the-box was
another device of his that was very suc-
cessful. His latest performance at Du-
logne is thus recounted:

Vivier placed his valise and traveling
sack on the counter.

"What is in this traveling sack?"
"Two rattlesnakes," said Vivier, very
meekly.

The inspector jumped back, and said
it was unnecessary to open it.

"And in this valise?"
"Three more rattlesnakes," softly re-
sponded Vivier.

The inspector knitted his brows for a
moment, consulted a tariff guide, and
replied in an awful voice:

"That makes five rattlesnakes. There
is no duty on rattlesnakes, unless there
are six or more. Pass the gentleman's
luggage."

Rain Gauges.

An Australian meteorologist, M.
Dines, has called attention to a source
of error in the use of the rain gauge,
that may, under certain circumstances,
decidedly vitiate its reliability. He
has observed, namely, that the amount
of rain fall which two instruments will
register will depend notably on their
respective distances from the ground.

From the result of experimental trials
conducted during one year, with two
instruments placed respectively at the
height of fifty feet and four feet from
the ground, the lower gauge registered
twenty-seven per cent. more rain fall
than the upper one, and that occasion-
ally when a rain-fall was accompanied
by a high wind, the lower one showed
two or even three times as much as the
upper. He attributes the discrepancy
to the greater disturbance suffered by
the elevated gauges from the action of
the wind, and cautions meteorologists
that the readings of rain gauges cannot
be taken to be reliable unless made
with instruments suspended at a uni-
form height from the ground.

Schouvaloff In his Russian Home.

Count Schouvaloff dwells in a mod-
est but comfortable house, facing the
wood market on the canal St. Peters-
burg. The broken and unequal pave-
ment opposite is piled with birch logs,
which men and women of the roughest
class pile upon crazy carts in the nar-
row roadway. The canal is choked
with barges that squeeze in and out
with unceasing appeal to the saints or
invocations of the arch-enemy. Though
small and unassuming in his own
habits, and with families less ancient
and less distinguished than his own,
there is something pleasantly charac-
teristic about Count Schouvaloff's house,
a warmth and quaintness and homely
look which one fancies, erroneously
perhaps, to be native of the soil. As-
cending a short staircase from the en-
trance hall, one enters a low room, un-
carpeted and barely furnished, yet
agreeable. At one end is an old bureau
of marqueterie; under the window a
table; chairs and sofas round the walls.
A low flight of steps descending into
the room itself gives something Oriental
to its appearance. Through the open
door above one sees a suite of chambers,
low, half lighted, filled with furniture
which has a look of comfort, lined with
pictures. The Count enters, dressed
in General's uniform, and laughingly
informs the curious visitor that he is
very glad to see and talk with him, but
that he has nothing to say. The far-
thest room of the suite mentioned is his
study, and sitting before the table, he
explains that his honor is pledged to
keep silence; meanwhile he plays with
letters and dispatches, which one re-
gards with unholily longing, while the
laughter in his eyes frankly mocks your
curiosity. Other diplomats keep their
own faces shaded, while putting the
interviewer in full light but Count
Schouvaloff is above a manoeuvre like
that. With many droll expressions of
commiseration for your disappointment,
he relates how statesmen and editors
called on him before leaving England
with this idea or that, and how he vied
to them every one that the secret
should be kept.

Advice to Drinking Men.

A drinking man can supply himself
easily with the remedies used at nearly
all the infirmaries, and be his own
physician at his own home without the
necessary expense and publicity of
visiting the Washingtonian Home or
any other reformatory institution. His
laboratory need contain only a small
quantity of Cayenne pepper, a pot of
concentrated extract of beef and a few
grains of bromide of potassium. When
the desire for drink recurs, make a tea
from the pepper, as strong as can be
taken with any degree of comfort,
sweeten it with milk and sugar, and
drink. This tea will supply the same
place as a glass of liquor would fill,
and will leave no injurious effect be-
hind. Repeated daily, or so often as
the appetite returns, it will be but a
few days before the sufferer will have
become disgusted with the taste of the
tea, and with the appearance of this
disgust disappears the taste for liquor.

The fact is proven every day. The ex-
tract of beef is to be made into beef tea,
according to the directions on the pot,
in quantities as may be needed for the
time being, and furnishes a cheap,
easily digestible and healthy nutriment,
it being made to "stay on the stom-
ach" when the heavier articles of food
would be rejected. The bromide of po-
tassium is to be used carefully, and
only in cases of extreme nervousness,
the dose being from fifteen to twenty
grains, dissolved in water. This is a
public exhibit of the method of treat-
ment adopted in the infirmaries.

In addition thereto, the drinking man
should surround himself with influ-
ences which tend to make him forget
the degrading associations of the bar-
room, and lift him upward. He should
endeavor, so far as his business avoca-
tions will permit, to sleep, breathe and
eat regularly, and obey the laws of
health. By the adoption of this course
energetically and sincerely, no man
who has the will to reform can fail to
do so. Hundreds and thousands can
attest the truth of this statement.

Poets of the Prairie.

In winter the dangers of the prairie
deepens and become manifold. The
deep snow obliterates all landmarks.
To the plain-dealer, however, all the myr-
iad features of the prairie are but so
many guide-boards pointing out his
destination. He who runs may read.
He has the sun by day, the moon and
the stars by night. The turning of a
blade of grass points him east or west;
the bark of every tree north and south;
the birds of the air forecast the weather
for him. The minutest trail or track is
visible to him. He sees a twig broken,
and it tells the story of a passing animal;
an upturned pebble on the beach
tells the hour when the animal drank.
He will distinguish the trail of a wagon
on the prairie years after it has passed;
the grass, he says, never grows the
same. There is not a sign of the rest-
less wind that is unintelligible to him.
He will take a straight course in one
direction over the plains, where no
landmarks can be seen, on days when
the sun is not visible, nor a breath of
air stirring. The half-breed or Indian
never gets lost. If he be taught in a
storm upon the plain, his escape be-
comes simply a question of physical
endurance. Of slower order of culture,
and of a solitary habit, he is scarcely
susceptible of the mental tortures that
prostrate the white man. As an illus-
tration of this fact let me tell you the

story of a half-breed of my acquaint- ance:

This hybrid individual was by occu-
pation a *voyageur* in summer, and a
trapper and hunter in the winter sea-
son. His mental calibre was very or-
dinary, being unable to read or write,
and his habit, apathetic, living much
alone. Some of his ponies having
strayed off upon the prairie during the
winter months, he went in quest of
them. The prairie was the native heath
to him, which he had trod from infancy
with the same assurance that ordinary
mortals walk the pavement. He had
no fear of being lost. Every depression
in the snow-clad earth; every stunted
shrub, was a landmark to guide him
on his way. Yet, after an absence of
half a day, a storm arose that obscured
the landmarks, and "despite" all his
prairie craft, he found himself lost.
He accepted the situation, and knowing
that any efforts to extricate himself
until after the subsidence of the storm
would only prove fruitless, set about
making preparations for his safety
from freezing. He attached himself to
a clump of cottonwood trees as a land-
mark, and walked in a circle about it.
Night came on, and he still walked.
Day followed, and night again found
him still walking, and the storm un-
abated. At length his meagerness wore
off his feet. He took the long "mil-
laires" from his hands and tied them
on in lieu of shoes. Then he walked
on through the third, fourth and fifth
days and nights, supporting life by
chewing his leather hunting shirt. The
sixth morning found his feet frozen,
and striking the beaten path like bits of
wood; his hands were in a like condi-
tion, and his face little better. During
the day, however, some wandering In-
dians discovered him in an apparently
dying condition. They took him to a
neighboring fort, and after the surgeon
had beret him of portions of both
hands and feet, and taken a piece from
his face, he got well.

When found by the Indians, it is
worthy of remark that, with the excep-
tion of exhaustion, the man was men-
tally more acute than when he was
first lost. During all those fearful days
and nights the combination of terror,
despair, and, above all, longing for hu-
man companionship, had driven
against that dull intellectuality and
apathetic temperament in vain. There
was an indifference to, an ignorance of,
the finer parts of the torture which ef-
fectually shielded him from danger. He
simply did not know enough to experi-
ence any of the feelings which would
have wrecked a higher order of intelli-
gence.

Analysis of a Tornado.

Professor Brewer says no one can tell
what makes a tornado. There are na-
ny theories concerning the cause. I
know of five hundred persons, each of
whom has a different theory. Light-
ning always plays a leading part in the
disturbance. In some tornadoes the
exhibition of electricity is grand.
There is no particular hour at which
they are formed, but they usually take
place in the afternoon, for it is then
that a hot day becomes most sultry. In
the northern latitudes the rotary mo-
tion is always from the right to the
left. The column is funnel shaped, the
small part being on the earth. It ways
from side to side frequently, and some-
times bounds like a ball. The move-
ment is either to the east, southeast or
northeast. It is agreed that this tor-
nado had all the characteristics of other
tornadoes.

I measured the bluff at the lake (in
Wallington) where the tornado was
formed, and found it to be about thirty-
five feet in height. The cone rose up
on this, and the damage it inflicted
shows it to have been from four hun-
dred to four hundred and fifty feet
wide. It was not powerful enough to
uproot trees outside of this. It crossed
the railroad track nearly at right an-
gles and about six hundred feet wide.
At Colony street it was seven hundred
or seven hundred and fifty feet in
width—that is it was enough to trar-
den houses within this limit. From
the lake to this point was the space in
which it displayed its greatest energy.
The cone was solid there or nearly so
at its bottom, so that its centre was as
destructive as its outside lines. As it
approached the hill it broadened to
about 1,200 feet, and over this space un-
roofed houses. It twisted off trees over
a still wider area, and further on at
Elm street broadened still more. Its ef-
fect could be seen as far as the eye
could reach through a field glass. The
trees on portions of the south line of
the wharf were laid to the east, while
on the north line they were laid in
many directions. The tombstones in the
cemetery were laid towards the east,
but the tall monuments were thrown to
the north. The actual di-
rection of the tornado was east-south-
east. In tornadoes the funnel-shaped
column is always visible. I have wit-
nessed and studied many said whirls
on the plains. These are harmless and
lose themselves after going short dis-
tances. They appear there in many
shapes of the funnel, some of them be-
ing having a wide bulk for a short
distance, and at the height of several
feet from the ground. The tornado at
Wallington undoubtedly took mud and
water from the lake. The roots of up-
rooted trees were washed bare. Some
of the mud, however, came from the
street. The tornado was one of un-
usual strength.

Car wheels, at the rate of 225 per day, are now being turned out from the wheel foundry of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in Altoona.

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THE WEB OF YEARS.

From the loom of Time the years
Unroll a fabric all must wear.
The web of joy and woe of tears,
Are spun by moving hopes and fears,
And pressed by weighty rolling Care.

What meaneth unto each its given?
A span may gauge the greatest parts;
And yet the least from earth to heaven
Do reach, as in the quiet even
Prayers sent up from children's hearts.

The web too quickly for us all
Is wove, while pass the shuttles fleet;
And when the threads have ceased to fall,
Death throws it o'er us as one pall,
Or round us as our winding sheet.

A Young Amazon.

"It's a shame and a pity, by Jove!"
And Seth Thomas stamped the butt of
his gun against the ground and scowled
down upon the pleasant valley that lay
at his feet.

Just what was a shame and a pity, an
unlighted observer would have been
sorely puzzled to say. The weather
was lovely, and the heat of the declin-
ing sun was tempered by the soft haze
of the Indian summer; the valley itself
was a beautiful gem of landwork;

and Seth Thomas had met with fair
success in his grouse shooting. Yet
those words came from his very heart
of hearts, and he really felt that he had
just cause for complaint.

A few minutes before, the young
sportsman's attention had been at-
tracted by a lithe, graceful figure pass-
ing along the base of the precipice
which lay at his feet. Despite the dis-
figuring sash of the checked gingham,
Seth recognized the fair cause of
his tarrying so long in that benighted
region—a back country of Kansas.

In silence he watched her passage
through the knee-deep grass, with a
swift, springy stride so different from
the "society paces" to which he was ac-
customed. He saw her approach a
shaggy, imish-looking Indian pony
which was staked out at the end of a
long trail-rop; saw her stoop and pick
up the pocket-pin, then, as it seemed to
him, draw the prancing animal towards
her by main strength. He saw her
place one hand upon the mustang's
withers, then spring lightly upon its
back, maintaining her seat with appar-
ently the utmost ease through all the
side-leaps, buck-jumps and other tokens
of mustangish playfulness which fol-
lowed.

All of this was bad enough for one
raised as Seth Thomas had been, in a
home the atmosphere of which would
have been as a sweet savor in the nos-
trils of the most austere of the Pilgrim
Fathers; but worse was to come.

With one swift glance around her,
the young amazon rapidly changed
her position upon the mustang, for an-
other, which is commonly regarded as
sacred to masculine bipeds, Indian
squaws and fair Mexicanas. Thus
mounted, with sur-bonnet hanging
over her shoulders, with hair broken
from its fastenings, with eyes flashing,
cheeks glowing, the young amazon
put her mustang to top speed, one little
brown hand to her mouth, out of which
issued a musical but otherwise admi-
rable imitation of the Cherokee war-
whoop.

But that musical cry was a discordant
screach to Seth Thomas. He saw none
of the unstudied grace of that wild pic-
ture. He saw only a hoydenish Ama-
zon where he had hoped, but a back-
ward glance is a necessity here.

Seth Thomas, a young New Englander,
was making a horseback tour through
the Western States, for the good of his
health. Two weeks prior to this day
he paused at a little farmhouse for a
drink of water. It was handed him by
a blushing maiden—a marvel of uncon-
scious grace and beauty. Not a dozen
words passed between them, but before
Seth reached the little village, only
two miles away, he knew that he had
met his fate. But little sleep visited
his eyelids that night. Those few
words, so soft, so musical, rung through
his brain like the chime of silver bells,
and that one shy, upward glance of
those large, lustrous black eyes, now
beamed down on him through the
shades of night.

All of which goes to show that Seth
Thomas was very hard ridden, indeed.
Directly after an early breakfast, he
shouldered his gun and sallied forth
after grouse, naturally following the
only road with which he had any ac-
quaintance. He had his reward, such
as it was.

A dog barking; a loud bellowing;
two voices united in merry laughter.
He turned around the corner of a fence
and beheld—his new-found angel riding
a plunging, kicking, half-mad yearling
steed!

That was but the beginning. Seth
and Samantha often met, but some ma-
jestic spite seemed to have charge of
these meetings, for, save at church,
where she acted, sang and looked like
an angel, Samantha was always doing
something to shock the very refined
taste of the modern Puritan. As often
did he vow to leave the place and never
more give thought to such a hoyden,
but still he lingered on, his heart more
deeply interested than he dare acknow-
ledge.

As Samantha inaugurated her im-
promptu circus down in the valley,
Seth thumped his gun heavily against
the ground, and uttered the petulant
expression recorded above.

A loud report followed—it seemed as
though his right arm was being torn
off. A shrill scream of pain and terror

was wrung from his lips as he stag-
gered and fell to the ground. For one
moment his body was balanced upon
the very verge of the precipice, then
the loose earth crumbled beneath his
weight and he fell down—down.

That report and wild cry of pain
reached the ears of the young woman,
and swiftly wheeling, Samantha Brown
beheld a man fall backward, then roll
over the back of the cliff. Her face
grew white as she expected to see him
meet a frightful death upon the jagged
rocks nearly a hundred feet beneath,
but she was spared this.

The falling body crashed into a mass
of young vines, thirty feet below the
embankment, and then settled down
upon a slight, narrow projection—it
could hardly be called a ledge—a few
feet below, and there remained station-
ary.

She urged her pony towards the foot
of the cliff, with the wild purpose of
breaking the unfortunate man's fall,
but common sense quickly told her that
such an idea was worse than folly, and
she changed her course, lashing the
pony fiercely and taking the shortest
practicable course by which the top of
the cliff could be gained.

Seth Thomas had not entirely lost
his consciousness, even while falling
swiftly down to what seemed certain
death, and as he struck the clump of
wild grape-vines, he instinctively
grasped at them with his left hand; his
right was completely disabled. But a
single one of the tender shoots remained
firm and unbroken; that only held him
suspended above death, for the projec-
tion upon which he partially lay,
though wide enough for a sure-footed
person in an upright position, was too
narrow to hold a recumbent body.
Even should the vine hold firm, the
end must soon come. He was bleeding
profusely; he felt that he was growing
fainter with each passing moment;
five minutes more—then death!

As in a dream, he saw the pale, yet
not terrified face of a woman above
him—heard an anxious voice calling to
him; he answered, what he never
knew. But it was sufficient. Samantha
saw that he was alive, and she believed
she could save him.

Quickly removing the long and stout
trail rope from the neck of her pony,
she formed a noose and lowered it to
the wounded man. The prospect of
rescue cleared his brain and restored
his cool senses. He saw that if he re-
leased his grasp upon the vine to pass
the noose around his body, he would
fall from his slight support, and so he
told her, begging her to hasten for aid.

But Samantha could see that she
could not go and return in time. He
would weaken and fall, even if he did
not bleed to death.

She hurriedly drew up the rope and
noosed it around the trunk of the
stunted tree beside which Seth had
stood when he shot himself, then, coil-
ing the rest over her arm, she slid over
the escarpment and lowered herself to
the ledge where he was lying.

Seth was in an agony of apprehension
—not for himself, but to see her hang-
ing to that apparently frail rope—and
yet she succeeded, thanks to the free,
wild life that had strengthened her
muscles and trained her brain.

Cautiously stooping, she passed the
rope twice around his chest then
knotted it firmly. Should the vine give
way now he could only fall a few
yards.

Bidding him be of good cheer the
brave girl carefully picked her way up
a dozen feet beyond, supported by the
faithful rope, and then began her diffi-
cult ascent, taking advantage of each
little point of rock or crevice, working
with both feet and arms, far enough
from Seth to prevent the dislodged
stones from disturbing him, and reach-
ing the top in safety.

Barely pausing to take a few breaths,
Samantha called up her pony and fas-
tened the trail rope around its neck.
Bidding Seth prepare she gave the word,
and the well-trained creature moved
slowly away, inch by inch. She
crouched upon the brink in breathless
suspense, regulating the movement of
the mustang by an occasional word.

Seth was still able to help himself
slightly, and with his feet and sound
arm, kept clear of the projecting point
and bushes. As he came within reach,
Samantha bent over and grasping the
noose, lifted him over the edge, and
never released her grasp until he fell
senseless at the foot of the tree.

Samantha was faint and trembling
from her terrible exertions, but she did
not falter until the wounded man was
rude by efficiently bound up. Then
she secured the rope to the tree, so that
Seth could not possibly fall over the
cliff, then mounted the pony and
dashed away at breakneck speed for as-
sistance.

A wagon was brought, and Seth was
conveyed to the nearest house—which
chanced to be the Brown farmhouse.
A doctor was sent for, and his arm at-
tended to. Fortunately no bones were
broken, the charge of shot passing
through the fleshy part of his forearm,
and after two weeks of bed, Seth was
able to move about the house.

But that short time was long enough
for him to recognize a true heart of
gold beneath the outward semblance of
a young Amazon, and as he found that
her wild, hoydenish pranks did not
arise from any lack of true womanly
delicacy, he flattered himself that he
could effect a reformation.

An African Belle.

Lieut. Cameron found one tribe in
Africa where women were much more
respected than is common in that coun-
try. This deference of the male sex
had, however, the usual effect. The
"respected" women became much more
addicted to fashion than their less-fa-
vored sisters. One of the belles of this
tribe is thus described by the traveller:
"Mrs. Pakwanywa," and really ladylike
in her manners. It was great fun
showing her a looking-glass. She had
never seen one before, and was half
afraid of it, and ashamed to show she
was afraid. She is a very dainty body—
double rows of cowries round her head,
besides copper, iron and ivory stuck in
her hair, and just above and in front of
each ear a tassel of red and white beads.
A large necklace of shells was round
her neck, and round her waist a string
of opal colored singo-mazzi, and a rope
made of strings of a red-colored bead.
Her front apron was of a leopard skin,
and the rear one of colored grass-cloth,
with its fringe strung with beads, and
cowries sewed on it in a pattern; bright
iron rings were round her ankles, and
copper and ivory bracelets on her arms.
Her hair was shaved a little back from
her forehead, and three lines each about
a quarter of an inch wide, were painted
below. The one nearest to the hair
was red, the next black, and the next
white; and to crown all, she was fresh-
ly-anointed with oil, and looked sleek
and shiny. Her upper lip was perfor-
ated and a piece of stone inserted, until
the lip protruded a couple of inches,
giving a hideous expression to the face,
and making her articulation quite indis-
tinct.

A Superb Collection of Arms.

The thirteenth room at the Exhibi-
tion in Paris is filled with a selection
of Mr. Riggs' armor; there are about
500 pieces out of a collection of 7000.
This is the intention of Mr. Riggs
to give to the Smithsonian Institute at
Washington. On a pedestal in the mid-
dle of the room is a suit of armor for
man and horse, belonging to the Grand
Duke Marcus Antonious Colonia,
Grand Constable of Naples. It was
presented to him by Philip II. This
suit came from the Soltykoff collection,
and was originally gilt. Among a very
fine collection of helmets is one cov-
ered with elaborate engraved ornament,
with indications of all flags, and bears a
monogram. Alvarez Toledo. Au-
thor of the same suit has the arms of
Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany. A fine
sixteenth century helmet of historic in-
terest is one belonging to a Tremouille;
there is a helmet of the Scotch body-
guard and a row of salades from the
twelfth to the fifteenth century; two
brigantines, in fine preservation, one
green, belonging to Alexander VI, date
1580, another red, made for Bartolomeo
Colleone, are important. Among the
two-handed swords we notice a very
grand one, with the Austrian arms, and
another of the fourteenth century which
belonged to Malatesta, Lord of Rimini.
Near this is a Scotch shield, sixteenth
century, which belonged to Sir Walter
Scott, and given by him to Prince Sol-
tykoff. Among the historical swords
are some that belonged to Henri III and
IV of France; a state sword of noble
design, with Leo X Pont Max III en-
graved on it; a Toledo sword, with ni-
llo hilt, is severe in form, and several
other blades of the same place, with
open work, are of great beauty; with
the swords may be mentioned a trophy
of Langues de Bœuf, of Alances. There
is here one of those singular swords
with a wheel-lock pistol on the blade,
and two grand shields, bucklers of the
body-guard of Henry VIII, with goun-
ces in the centre. Connected with
Henry VIII is the jupe from his suit
now in the tower; belonging to his rival,
Francis I, is a powder horn.
Among the shields there are three of
great artistic importance, one from the
design of Giulio Romano, another paint-
ing in grisaille of the sixteenth century;
the third, of the same period, is em-
bossed leather. A number of these
pieces were brought from the Meyrick
and Soltykoff collections. There are
also a complete tilting and battle armor
engraved; a pair of elaborate wheel-
lock pistols, which belonged to Henri
II of France; the cross bow and quar-
rels of the Elector of Saxony and King
of Poland, Augustus the Strong, and a
pair of harness bosses in Limoges en-
amel. The chief importance of this
gathering is its completeness from an
historical point of view, but the ma-
jority of the objects are not less remark-
able from an artistic point of view.

Watering the Desert.

A mile and a half from Tipton, Tul-
are county, California, is a celebrated
artesian well. J. B. Seapham, Assist-
ant Engineer of the Central Pacific
Railroad Company, who has recently
returned from that section, reports con-
cerning the supply of artesian water,
which he regards as a very important
matter in connection with the develop-
ment of the land, and believes that a
great reservoir underlies the whole val-
ley. He says he closely examined the
earth brought to the surface, ascertain-
ing the temperature of the water, and
measured the capacity of the stream,
and is convinced that copious streams
of water flow beneath the plain, which
is two hundred miles in length and
thirty-nine miles in width. In boring,
mountain debris was pierced for a
depth of 280 feet, and a good supply of

water was not reached until a stratum
of sandstone from four to six feet thick,
lying upon a bed of quicksand, had
been passed through. The first flow
was at the rate of eight gallons a min-
ute from a seven-inch pipe one foot
above the surface. Then a five-inch
pipe was sunk thirty feet deeper, which
pierced a stratum of blue clay, contain-
ing four separate layers of sand, each
of which contributed a supply of water.
The lower one gave out a considerable
volume of water. It was decided to
stop sinking at this step to secure the
water already discovered. The well at
last accounts was delivering 80,000 gal-
lons a day out of a five-inch pipe, four
feet above the surface of the plain, and
the supply is constantly increasing in-
stead of diminishing. The water is
very pure and shows its identity with
glacier lakes. It has less than six
grains of solid matter to the gallon.
The solid substance is chloride of so-
dium, which corresponds almost exactly
with the waters of Lake Tahoe. The
well has the capacity for irrigating 100
acres, and its cost is from \$700 to \$1000.
It is believed that water can be obtained
by sinking wells to the depth of 300 or
400 feet in any part of the Tulare plains.
These wells might be placed on every
quarter section of ground without the
supply being materially affected, or they
might be sunk even closer together
without affecting the flow. The tem-
perature of the water is 72° and the
soil of the surface needs nothing but
water to render it fertile. A few years
since 200,000 eucalyptus trees were
planted in this locality by the Central
Pacific Railroad Company, and 75 per
cent of them are now in a thriving
state. In five years the trees will be
big enough for ties and telegraph poles,
and worth \$150,000 to the company.
The mountain debris referred to is sup-
posed to be the ruins of extinct glaciers,
which eroded the Sierras to their pres-
ent shape. Geologically speaking, this
debris was carried at a very recent pe-
riod from the mountain slopes and sum-
mits and deposited in the valley, and it
is supposed that the main portion of the
Sierras was at one time more than 20,
000 feet high, and the loftiest peaks
were at least 5000 feet higher. From
the aerial current from the west, heavily
charged with moisture from the ocean,
immense volumes of rain were conden-
sed and precipitated on the mountain
slopes toward the ocean, which, flow-
ing to the plains, caused a great lake,
which is now extinct.

How to Manage a Watch.

Always wind up a watch at the same
time every day, and be very careful that
no dirt is contained in the barrel of the
watch, and that it is in good order. A
watch should continually be in the
same position, and when carried in the
pocket by day should always be hung
up at night. When you regulate a
watch, as you move the regulator to-
wards the parts marked "fast" or
"slow" take care that you do not move
it too much at a time, it is better to
move it a little each day, until the watch
gives right, than to move it too much at
once. Also be careful that no dirt is
contained in your watch pocket, other-
wise it may gain admission into the in-
side of the watch and impair its action.
It is advisable, when wearing a watch,
to keep it in a soft watch leather bag,
made for that purpose, by which means
the watch is prevented from being
scratched or injured by friction against
the rough lining of the pocket. When
the keyholes for setting and winding a
watch are situated at the back of the
case, never open the front, since by
doing so you may not only admit dirt
and the moisture, but also may dislodge
the glass, and perhaps break it. If your
watch is a chronometer, or has a duplex
movement, when setting it to the exact
time, always remember to move the
hands forward, and never backward.
Although this is not of so much impor-
tance in watches of other construction,
yet it is advisable to do it in all cases.
Lastly, care should always be taken to
keep a watch always as nearly as pos-
sible at the same temperature, other-
wise it will never keep correct time.

Joe Jefferson's Nap.

While Joe Jefferson was playing Rip
Van Winkle at Chicago last spring, he
went to the theatre very much exhaust-
ed by a long day's fishing on the lake.
When the curtain rose on the third act
it disclosed the white-haired "Rip" still
immersed in his twenty year's nap.
Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and
still he did not waken. The audience
began to grow impatient and the promp-
ter uneasy. The great actor
doubtless knew what he was about, but
this was carrying the "realistic" sort
of thing entirely too far. The fact was
that all the time Jefferson was really
sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather
of the fisherman who has sat eight
hours in the sun without getting a single
bite. Finally the gallery got to be
unpleasant, and one of the "goods"
wanted to know if there was "going to
be nineteen years more of this snooze
business." Here Jefferson began to
snore. This decided the prompter, who
opened a small trap beneath the stage
and began to prop "Rip" from behind.
The much traveled comedian began to
fumble in his pocket for an imaginary
ticket, and muttered drowsily: "Going
clear through, 'ductor." The audience
was transfixed with amazement at this
entirely new reading, when suddenly
Jefferson sat up with a long shriek.
The exasperated prompter had "jabbed"
him with a pin. The play went on then
—with a rush.

Parisian Marketing Notes.

Steak and porter-house steaks seem
unknown here. Butcher goes up ladder
and cuts steak from the quarter as it
hangs on the hook. Steak about three
inches square. All meat. No bone.
Tender. Pork and beef never kept at
same shop. Pork shop individual and
beef shop individual separate. Pork
cheaper than beef. Boiled ham, pick-
led and boiled lots of pork, roast pork,
seven kinds of hash and five kinds of
sausage kept at pork shop. Also bac-
on and salt pork. Generally kept by
women, who do all the slicing and
cleaving. French butcher's cleaver
pointed at back, and weighs twice as
much as ours. Always woman cashier
at desk in butcher's shop. Sometimes
kitchen attached, for cooking meat be-
fore it spoils. Raw meat on one side of
the door; cooked meat on the other,
including bouillon at 8 cents the qt.;
boiled beef, stewed liver, and unknown
stews with onions. Horse meat kept
at a few shops allowed by authorities;
first-class horse, mule and donkey meat
advertised at the entrance; horse meat,
very red, coarse fibre, no fat. Lamb
culetts, five cents each. Beef, mutton
and lamb in butcher's stand ticketed
with 25 different prices. All sorts of
folks do a little business cooking. Three
varieties of fried potato women: fried
potato woman pure and simple; fried
potato woman who alternates with
bouillon; fried potato and fish woman;
fried potato and wheaten doughnut and
flapjack woman. Average width of
shops three feet, by eight in length.
Peeling potatoes much performed on
sidewalks. Three cents buys more
fried potatoes than you care to carry
home in a sheet of brown paper. Three
cents buys more bread than two aver-
age Americans will eat in a day. Bread
loaves as long as capstan bars dragged
home by loitering little French boys
sent to the bakers. Little girl on or-
rand brings loaf of bread as long as her-
self in her little sticky apron as she
would a rag baby. Loaf sugar broken
in chunks about as large as egg coal.
Coffee is generally a little burnt in
roasting. Milk three and four cents a
quart. Generally boiled by dealers in
warm weather. Fifteen kinds of cheese.
Fresh cream hard to get. Substance
called cream very plentiful. Seems
to be an imitation from curds. Cher-
ries fifteen cents a pound. Good leaf
tea three cents per head; resembles
the "China cabbage" sold in San Fran-
cisco. Dealer in vegetables, on pur-
chase of any amount, throws in a hand-
ful of parsley, thyme, onion tops and
other savory green herbs for soup, and
to bait customer for more purchases.
Good brandy 60 cents the litre. A litre
is a big quart. Good Bordeaux, 30 cts.
the bottle; passable at 20 cents; impos-
sible at 10. Seltzer or soda water per
syphon, 3 and 6 cents. New potatoes,
6 cents per pound. France has a big-
ger pound than we. Cress and radish
bunches, half as large as an ordinary
cranium, two cents. Butter is never
salt. Always fresh. By "fresh" I
mean without salt. Otherwise, it is
not always fresh. Best and freshest,
25 and 30 cents per pound. Costs more
inside the walls of Paris than out.
Wine ditto. Cause, "Oetrol." Hay
and sand carts waiting always at the
city gates to be stabbed with long iron
daggers by men in green coats and
white buttons, after contraband butter
and wine. City tax. Oetrol every-
where. Every omnibus and street car
ostensibly overhauled at gates by the
man of oetrol. Mere form. Only, if
you carry a lunch satchel into the Bois
de Boulogne, they'll ask you what's in
it. A plain chop or steak at a Paris
restaurant is almost an impossibility.
A breakfast of any sort before half-
past ten beyond cafe au lait and a roll
ditto. A Frenchman's lunch means
casse et cognac. Meals too formal and
too much inclined to courses to suit a
busy American.

The Robin's Food.

The question as to whether the ro-
bin is an insect eater naturally, or sub-
sists on fruits principally, when they
can be obtained, has frequently been
discussed. The report of an actual ex-
periment in rearing a young robin, as
given in the July number of the *Ameri-
can Naturalist*, would seem to prove
that the robin is an insect eater from
choice, only subsisting on the small
fruits when its natural food fails in
quantity. The writer of the report
mentioned took a young robin from the
nest, and having put it into a conveni-
ent cage, tried to feed it on boiled egg,
mashed potato, and other ordinary food
of cage birds. The bird steadfastly re-
fusing to eat, the food was forced down
its throat. He then tried beef-steak,
which the young bird would soon take
freely, and become bright and active.
Angle worms were also tried, and
proved satisfactory, if given in suffi-
cient quantity. "He would eat," says
the writer, "until his crop could con-
tain no more; then he would retire to
his perch, draw down his neck as if
suffering, close his eyes, drops his
wings a little, and sit perfectly still for
about fifteen or twenty minutes. At
the end of that time he had digested
the worms sufficiently to be ready for
another meal."

This food, when given exclusively,
did not seem to agree well with the
bird, apparently having a laxative ef-
fect. Raw beefsteak and angleworms
fed alternately, were more agreeable to
the bird, but when given a choice, the
beefsteak was invariably chosen.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A good man will be doing good
wherever he is. His trade is a com-
pound of charity and justice.

Sorrow comes soon enough without
despondency; it does a man no good to
carry around a lightning-rod to attract
trouble.

Hate is an active, envy a passive dis-
pleasure; it need not surprise us,
therefore, to see how quickly envy be-
comes hate.

Love can not fully admit the feeling
that the beloved object may die; all pas-
sions feel their object to be as eternal
as themselves.

If you ask an obstinate man to incline
his ears to reason, he is very likely to
incline them backwards, like a horse
bent on mischief.

Nothing does so fool a man as extreme
passion. This doth make them fools,
which otherwise are not, and show them
to be fools which are so.

The essence of true nobility is neglect
of self. Let thought of self pass in,
and the beauty of a great action is gone, like
the bloom of a soiled flower.

He is the eloquent man who can treat
subjects of an humble nature with deli-
cacy, lofty things impressively and
moderate things temperately.

No man ever stated his griefs as
lightly as he might. For it is only the
finite that has wrought and suffered;
the infinite lies stretched in silent re-
pose.

Garments that have one rent in them
are subject to be torn on every nail, and
classes that are once cracked are soon
broken; such is a man's good name
once tainted with reproach.

The desire of being in the fashion
does not always arise from the mere
monkey instinct of imitation, but often
from a desire that there may be no in-
ference as to our pecuniary inability to
do so.

True honor results from the secret
satisfaction of our own minds, and is
decreed us both by religion and the suf-
frages of wise men—it is the shadow of
wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable
from them.

A country girl on being asked if she
knew what a fashionable reception was,
replied: "It is a gathering of the sexes
where women gossip with women on
the latest fashions, and with men on the
latest scandal."

There is no contending against neces-
sity, and we should be very tender how
we censure those that submit to it. It
is one thing to be liberty to do what
we will, and another thing to be tied
up to do what we must.

I bear my witness that confidence in
man is utter folly, and brings sorrow to
the soul; but I am more than ever cer-
tain that confidence in God is always
wise, never leads to disappointment,
and never causes regret.

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